CROSS-TALK

The Transgender Community News & Information Monthly

#80

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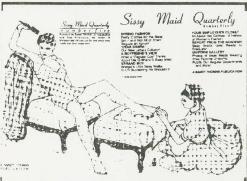


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CROSS-TALK

The Transgender Community News & Information Monthly

JUNE 1996 (ISSUE #80)



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ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Virginia Prince, JoAnn Roberts, Paula Jordan Sinclair. **COVER ARTWORK** by Kay Lightner.



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KYMBERLEIGH'S CLIPBOARD

I THINK I'VE LOST TOUCH

by Kymberleigh Richards Publisher & Managing Editor

I almost didn't write an editorial this month.

The reason is simple; I have always taken pride in knowing that -- more often than not -- my opinions reflected what the community was thinking but wouldn't (or couldn't) express properly. That may sound egotistical, but I've always received positive feedback from our readers



"I haven't a clue as to what relevant opinion I will be able to offer in this space next month ... or the month after that."

... first by letter and personal contact at local meetings, later by e-mail, and I am honor-bound to reveal that the letters we used to publish in "Vox Populi" were the sum total of the disagreement to my writings. (Prior to discontinuing the letters column four issues ago, there were only three occasions when I declined to publish a letter of rebuttal to my editorials; once because the writer couldn't complete a single sentence without either including an obscenity or a personal attack, and twice because the writer was more interested in questioning Cross-Talk's editorial policy than they were in rebutting the substance of my remarks.)

Lately, though, I question whether or not my perspectives do, in fact, coincide with the opinions and interests of this community. I find myself involved in bitter debates more frequently because of something I have said either here or online, yet in comparing what I write now to what I have written in the past, the philosophies upon which I base my opinions are essentially unchanged. And, while I do not wish to belittle those who have taken the time to voice support for those opinions, it is always the same voices who express that support and I must wonder if they -- we -- constitute a minority within the transgender community.

My motivations in continuing to publish Cross-Talk are the same as those that guided me to serve three years as president of Tri-Ess' founding Alpha chapter here in Los Angeles and five years as a director of the national organization; in lecturing to graduate students who are the future's helping professionals; and to not only participate in transgender areas of cyberspace, but to police them in

order to alleviate the presence of those who would make those areas a less safe place for newcomers looking for support and kinship. I have always hoped to make the confusing (and occasionally treacherous) path to knowledge of one's self a little easier for those who are following that same path now, years later.

Unfortunately, it would appear that this motivation now places me in the minority in this community. As I hinted a few months ago, the overwhelming attitude in this community is "me"-oriented rather than "us"-oriented, and those who disagree with what "you" want are quick to tell you that what

"they" want is more important.

Without going into too much detail, by the time you read this, I will have backed away from the *<alt.transgendered>* and *<soc.support.transgendered>* Usenet newsgroups, having already reduced my presence on several Internet mailing lists. And my list of reasons for doing so is headed by the amount of public expression of disagreement to both my opinions and actions there, and by the number of times the word "I" was used by the criticizers in order to refute the "we" I express concern for. The old saying is "if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen" and I find I cannot tolerate the increasing temperature level.

Unfortunately, this action will place me at a greater disadvantage where my monthly commentaries are concerned, for in the process of removing myself from the "flame wars" I must also divorce myself from the other opinions and philosophies that are expressed there, and that can only result in being less "in touch" with our community than I would like. On the other hand, I now finally understand what motivates many transsexuals to sever their ties with the transgender community once post-SRS, and I know now why so many of our once-prominent leaders have become faded memories. The emotional strain simply is not worth it.

I am certain this will not be the last editorial I will write, although I haven't a clue as to what relevant opinion I will be able to offer in this space next month ... or the month after that. One thing is certain, though: I *still* can't guarantee universal agreement with what I say.

And perhaps that is best, for it will keep my ego in check.



The NewsQueen

by Paula Jordan Sinclair

The big drag news this month comes from New York City -- specifically Broadway -- where plays with a man who dresses like a woman and a woman who dresses like a man who dresses like a woman are making headlines. Earlier this year, Ms. Sinclair told you about the new musical *Rent*, which was adapted from the Puccini opera *La Boheme*. Among the artists and homeless of New York's East Village is Angel, a transgendered Hispanic youth.

Rent got rave reviews when it opened off-Broadway earlier this year, and its success continued after it moved to the Great White Way in April. Last month, it was nominated for several Tony awards. Of course, the real measure of success nowadays are marketing tie-ins. And on that score, Rent made it big as well. Bloomingdale's has opened a "For Rent" boutique and stocked it with clothes inspired by the show. And in May, Vogue did a fashion layout on the show's new look featuring the cast, including Angel.

But don't get your hopes up that Bloomies or *Vogue* will be selling Broadway glamour to trannies and queens. Bloomingdale's Senior Vice President of Fashion Direction, Kal Ruttenstein, didn't open the boutique because he wanted to add glamour to the store. He said he responded to "the idea of people who look stylish wearing old clothes, and recycled clothes with new mixed in." The collection will have lots of vinyl dresses, plaid tops, and denim

But come to think of it, that doesn't seem so different than the way some of Ms. Sinclair's acquaintances dress.



If you want glamour -- and drama -- the place to find it is the Marquis Theater, the home of *Victor/Victoria*. The musical version of the 1982 film (also starring Julie Andrews) is popular with audiences, making it one of Broadway's biggest-grossing hits. But it was not popular with the Tony Awards nomination panel. They gave the opulent show only one nomination; Andrews for best actress in a musical.

The single nomination was bittersweet for Andrews. She has never received a Tony, but *Victor/Victoria* is produced by her husband, Blake Edwards, who revived the vehicle just for her. The snubbing reportedly had her seething for several days until finally she announced that she was withdrawing her name from consideration.

"I have searched my conscience and my heart and I find I cannot accept this nomination," she said in a brief curtain speech at a matinee performance last month. As the audience gasped in amazement, she declared that she would "stand instead with the egregiously overlooked" cast and creative team for the \$8.5 million musical.

Having snubbed the show, Tony officials reacted badly to Andrews' snub directed at them, in essence saying that she couldn't withdraw her name and she would remain on the ballot. So there!

Of course, the big sting was that Andrews would probably not perform on the Tony awards show set for June 2. We'll see.



Having a big budget doesn't mean critical acclaim for films, either. Take, for example, *Showgirls*, a drama about a lap dancer with dreams, which closed in theaters all over the country within weeks after it opened last year. (Although cabs in Philadelphia *still* carry the provocative roof-top ads.) But in New York City's East Village Cinema, a midnight showing of *Showgirls* draws a respectable crowd.

The crowd is respectable in terms of numbers, not because of what they wear. Claire Castle -- she's the one with the gold glitter spirit-gummed around her eyes -- and seven other New York University film and TV students claims that watching *Showgirls* is a regular ritual. "It represents everything that's terrible in the world of film, and we love it." Van Alst, who was sitting in the second row in an orange feather boa and rhinestone-dotted eyebrows, declared that "I feel a spiritual connection with anyone from Vegas."

The audience also included a hired crew of drag queens, led by the towering, green-haired Winona, whose job was to enact scenes up front and encourage the audience to scream catty insults at the screen. (As it turned out, no coaching was necessary.)

Ms. Sinclair gives the people at United Artists credit for chutzpah in marketing. Stuck with an absolute stinker of a movie -- one that cost a reported \$40 million to make but generated only \$20 million, plus a lot of unintended guffaws, upon its domestic release last fall -- they figured they'd pull a *Rocky Horror Picture Show* and turn their bomb into a cult favorite. *Rocky Horror*, also an utter flop in 1975, has been drawing midnight audiences ever since. It's grossed more than \$109 million.

United Artists apparently would like to pretend it has nothing to do with this phenomenon, that this is all happening sort of spontaneously. But the studio approached two theaters, the Laemmle Sunset 5 in West Los Angeles and the Village East, and proposed midnight screenings on Fridays and Saturdays. It bought advertising in the Los Angeles Times and the LA Weekly and in the

Village Voice. It printed new posters, blaring that "The Babes Are Back in Town" and featuring backhanded tributes from reviewers: "A rich sleazy kitsch-fest!" (Boston Globe) and "A masterpiece of flashy tackiness!" (San Francisco Chronicle). Somehow the best quote, from Variety -- "Akin to being keel-hauled through a cesspool!" -- did not make the cut.

Showgirls is unintentionally hilarious. One recent screening was a wonder of improvisational comedy.

"You got a name?" says the slime who picks up Our Heroine, Nomi the would-be strip queen, as she's hitchhiking to Vegas.

"Barbie!" yelled someone in the crowd.

Then the slime offers to help Nomi get a job. "He's evil!" shrieked the audience. "He's Satan!"

Not yet the quality of the *Rocky Horror* repartee, but Ms. Sinclair says we give 'em time. So far, New York attendance has been building, from a lonely 40 ticket-buyers per screening the first weekend to more than 100 on Saturdays. But in L.A., the crowd dropped from 75 people per screening its first weekend to about 50 the second.

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Showgirls didn't have a drag queen connection during its short first-run. That was added later by clever marketeers. But there is another "sleazy kitsch-fest" of a movie that has a drag connection from the get-go, at least according to reviewers.

One said that *Barb Wire*, the Pamela Anderson Lee action flick was just a poor remake of *Casablanca* with Lee in the Humphrey Bogart role, but noting that Bogart didn't open his classic film "wearing a leather halter top flashing coy glimpses of his naked bosom."

But other reviewers were more to the point, calling Lee "a sex joke."

"With her Clairol hair, Malibu Barbie body and paint-by-numbers face, she's a small boy's idea of a real woman," said Stephen Whitty of the San Jose *Mercury News*. "With her statuesque bearing and flared nostrils, she's a drag queen's idea of a movie star. (In fact, she's starting to look frighteningly like RuPaul.)"

The New York Times noted that "Ms. Lee's makeup is painted on so heavily that she may not be able to change expression," and that the "grunge sci-fi story ... will appeal only to comic books readers, curiosity seekers, and prison inmates throughout the land."

It sounds like a film we could really talk back to. Midnight showings, anyone?

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In recent years, New York has rivaled San Francisco for the title of drag's "Queen City." San Francisco's Halloween celebrations have been marred by people not in drag (some of them quite rude!). And so the Big Apple always managed to pull out in front because of Wigstock, the drag-only Labor Day event that attracted queens from throughout the city (even from Queens). But this year the competition between the cities will be tight because Lady Bunny, who started the first Wigstock more than ten years ago, opened a San Francisco "franchise" -- Wigstock West. The event was held in the city's Fort Mason piers last month.

"I love visiting this city," Lady Bunny said during a prevent press conference, "and I especially enjoyed Collingwood Park, the beauty of this spot literally bringing me to my knees, where I stayed for hours taking it all in."

But as the date drew near, there were doubts whether the Wigstock founder would make an appearance. Reportedly, Bunny said that she would appear only if WW producers kept Alexis Arquette out. Why? Because apparently Lady Bunny was miffed that Alexis got more screen time in the movie *Wigstock* than she did. Rumor has it that director Barry Shils had a thing for Alexis.

Mayor Willie Brown got in on the act with an official proclamation. "... and whereas San Francisco is home to some of the most talented and glamorous drag queens in the world, making our fair city as fabulous and beautiful as it could be, be it resolved that I, Willie Brown, hereby proclaim this as Wigstock West Day."

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With apologies to Cincinnati, Ms. Sinclair notes that thanks to Dennis Rodman, Chicago now has a shot at the

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Queen City title.

Rodman showed up in drag (of sorts) for a book-signing appearance in the Windy City last month. None of the Bulls were there to see Rodman in person but, just like a lot of people, they saw Rodman -- with silver hair, silver lipstick, mascara and a pink feather boa -- on TV and in the newspapers flaking his tell-all book *Bad As I Wanna Be*.

Nobody in the Bulls' locker room was shocked -- except for Jack Haley, Rodman's closest friend.

"Showing up in drag was a little shocking," Haley said before a Bulls-Knicks game. "But it's something only Dennis could pull off."

Most of Rodman's other teammates thought it was, well, interesting.

"He just did what he's always talked about -- crossdressing," said John Salley. "But I tell you, Dennis is strictly all male. None of us are worried. I thought he looked great. He was kind of pretty."

Steve Kerr agreed with Salley.

"Wasn't that great?" he asked. "I thought he was kind of cute."

Newsman Stone Phillips confirms that Rodman *isn't* a transvestite. Following an interview with the basketball star on *Dateline NBC*, Phillips said that Rodman's preference for see-through halter tops, feather boas, and "little dainties" is just because he "likes the look of

"in the forefront of gender awareness."



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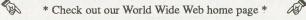
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women's clothes and how they show off his body. He isn't trying to look like a woman. He's just a nonconformist."

And Ms. Sinclair isn't a columnist; she's a nonconformist as well.



Three San Francisco nonconformists will have second thoughts before they go out to dinner in the Baja California town of San Jose Del Cabo in drag again. What started out as a lark ended up with arrest and extortion by police.

Earlier in the evening, the gay men were able to camp it up with other tourists and even the waiters in the restaurant where they ate. After the meal, while they were waiting for a taxi in the deserted town square, the trio was picked up by police and taken to jail. Once behind bars, the police made it clear that they knew the Americans were gay and they wanted money -- \$200 for each queen. A fourth American who was not in drag and wasn't arrested got the money and bailed out his friends.

But that wasn't the end of their ordeal. As the weary queens trudged back to their lodgings, they were again taken into police custody and charged with possession of marijuana. This time they were stripped and terrorized.

"One cop really got on my nerves," said Timmy Spence, one of the trio. "He didn't say anything, but kept forcing me to look at him and would not let me turn away. His growl was really frightening. He'd lick his lips and show his teeth -- he looked like the devil."

They were released only when they promised to get more money to pay the police. However, they managed to sneak out of the country instead.

"I'd say that I'm a little bit of a dizzy queen," Spence said, "but I never thought anything like this would ever happen. I'd heard stuff about Mexico, but I never thought anything like this would happen."

It happens frequently, said International Lesbian and Gay Human Rights Commission Director Tom Di Maria. He criticized the queens' decision to visit Mexico in drag, calling it "a terrible risk in a country where the cultural norms and values are quite different."

"You can't take San Francisco culture or values into a homophobic environment and not expect some kind of response," he said.



It's a good thing the girls weren't able to visit Argentina.

Last month, Ms. Sinclair reported that the Argentinean Association of Transvestites held a protest outside a Buenos Aires police station because police assigned to that station routinely beat and arrest transvestites. Now comes news that police responded to the demonstration by beating and arresting three of the protesters.

As the demonstration was ending and people were leaving, 20 policemen in plain clothes suddenly jumped on Lohana Berkins and started to beat her. One of the cops

was heard to say, "Break the faggot's arm." Two of Lohana's friends ran to help her, and they, too, were beaten. The three were dragged into the police station where they endured more beatings and death threats until they were released the next day.



A protest of a more peaceful nature.

Three dozen community members held a demonstration in April at a San Francisco meeting of the Gay and Lesbian Medical Association (GLMA) to protest a decision by the GLMA board dropping of references to transgendered people from its letterhead and mission statement.

Dr. Anne Lawrence was a "greeter" at the door, handing her fellow GLMA doctors literature and explaining the dispute with the GLMA board. Well over half of the doctors were supportive and expressed shock at the board's action. The demonstrators chanted slogans: "Hey, Hey, Ho, Ho, Transphobia has got to go," "2-4-6-8, Transphobia is also hate!," "Ho, Ho, Hey, Hey, No one loves transphobic gays!," and the ever-popular "Gay doctors get a clue, some of us are some of you!"

"One thing is for sure," said Dr. Joy Shaffer, who organized the demonstration, "the transphobes on the GLMA board will never again underestimate the willingness and ability of transpeople to defend their own interests."



We hope that if there is an investigation into the actions of the Buenos Aires police, the city's mayor doesn't follow the lead of Washington, D.C. mayor Marion Barry.

Barry halted a probe into the actions of a city Fire Department rescue worker called to aid a transsexual who was hit by a car last summer. Witnesses said that the rescue worker stopped treating Tyra Hunter when he discovered that Hunter -- although dressed as a woman -- had male genitalia. Witnesses said the rescue worker also laughed and made fun of Hunter. Hunter later died from her injuries.

An internal investigation shortly after the incident happened last August determined that there was no wrongdoing on the part of the rescue worker. But after the ABC news magazine 20/20 reported on the incident and the investigation early this year, Washington officials ordered another probe. When Hunter's mother filed a wrongful death suit against the city, D.C. Corporation Counsel Charles Ruff first advised officials to make no comment on the investigation. Then, a month later, Barry said Ruff had told him to halt the investigation.

Activists in Washington are angry, but they didn't think findings from the second investigation would have been any different from the first. For one thing, they note that the second probe had been underway for more than two months before investigators tried to track down civilian witnesses.

An official investigation in South Africa moved along more rapidly.

Within days of announcing that they were looking for a serial killer who dressed as a woman, South African police arrested a 25-year-old hairdresser, Samuel Jacques Coetzee, and charged him with killing four men and a teenage boy.

"He deceived people easily," Superintendent Wikus Weber told a Johannesburg news conference.

He said the victims had been killed between August 1993 and September of last year around Johannesburg and Pretoria. Three were strangled and two were shot and stabbed. One of the victims had been castrated, but authorities refused to provide more details.

Coetzee's aliases include Jakes, Kimberley, Kim, Debbie, and Gale. He was arrested with another man believed to be his accomplice.

"He's got a charming personality and when he's a female, he's a total female. His whole manner changes and no one can tell he's a man," investigating officer Frans van Niekerk said.



But there is good news (at least for some) from South Africa. According to a report in the *Weekly World News*, the World Health Organization predicts that a South African virus that painlessly eats away male genitals will



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The virus, called Transvaal Leprous Syndrome or TLS, strikes only males between the ages of 18 and 55, consuming the penis and scrotum, leaving all other body parts untouched. It is reported to be painless, and the only other symptoms are a slight headache and cough.

"I've never seen a more hideous illness," said Dr. Argus Walsen of the South African Board of Health. "We've studied TLS for five months and all we have are unanswered questions."

He added that the disease is not sexually transmitted. "We believe it may be airborne, but we don't know for sure," he said.

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If prosecutors use eyewitnesses in their case against Coetzee, they may find it difficult to get a positive courtroom ID unless he dresses as a woman during his trial. Sounds far-fetched? Not necessarily. Consider the case of Tye Matthews, who received permission from a judge to dress as a woman during his purse-snatching trial in Vista, Calif.

Matthews made the request to Superior Court Judge David Moon even though his attorney, Donald Beury, advised against it.

"We talked about the fact that he should dress like a man, but he wanted to dress like a woman," Beury said. "I don't

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Internet Gianna@wco.com P.O. Box 424447 San Francisco, CA 94142 In granting Matthews' request, Judge Moon said "I guess people should have the right to wear what they want to wear."

Beury contends the case hinges largely on whether witnesses can positively identify Matthews as the purse-snatcher. One would think that Matthews' plan to wear women's clothes was a clever strategy to avoid identification. One would be correct except for the fact that several witnesses say that the person who stole their purses looked like a man dressed as a woman.



Transgendered persons may applaud Matthews' courtroom strategy, but they probably won't approve of the way Christina Davis is fighting her public nudity charge.

Davis, a hot dog vendor, was arrested last year as she stood by the side of U.S. Route 1 near Cocoa Beach, Fla. wearing a thong and nothing else. She said she went topless to protest Brevard County's nudity ordinance, but the commercial attention didn't hurt.

Anyway, Davis' attorney, Burton Green, will defend his client -- and hopes to overturn the ordinance on constitutional grounds -- by having a series of expert witnesses testify that there is no biological or legal difference between men's and women's breasts.



While it remains to be seen if Davis' strategy wins the approval of the court, it has already failed among Hooters' customers.

When the Federal Equal Opportunity Employment Commission announced last fall that the restaurant chain was the target of a sex discrimination investigation, company officials and customers ridiculed the idea of men being hired to wait tables wearing the same skimpy outfits that Hooters Girls made famous. The campaign against the commission reached a peak with a company ad featuring a burly man with a moustache wearing a blonde wig, cropped tank top and tight shorts.

Now the EEOC has quietly dropped the investigation.

The company has maintained that its hiring practices are legal under provisions of federal law that allow a company to set qualifications for legitimate business reasons. Officials say the company sells sex appeal along with food and drink.

"People had a reality check and realized that if we have to hire guys as Hooters Girls, the next thing you'll have guys who want to be Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders or *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit models, or Miss America," said Mike McNeil, Hooters' marketing vice president.

Ms. Sinclair doesn't want to alarm Mr. McNeil, but she knows several men who already want to be Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders, *SI* swimsuit models, *and* Miss America!



Ms. Sinclair isn't sure what two Seattle teenage boys were aspiring to when they showed up at school wearing skirts earlier this spring, but whatever it was, it got the sympathy of more than 100 of their classmates.

The large group of students protested because Principal Bruce Hunter sent the two skirted boys home to change clothes. Hunter said the skirts would disrupt the learning environment, the students said that individual rights were being violated.



It wasn't boys in skirts that upset officials at the Loneman School in Oglala, S.D.; it was the idea of boys in panties

Officials were upset when they learned that members of the girls' basketball team had their panties and bras inspected to make sure that boys weren't playing on the team during a YMCA tournament.

The charge that the Loneman team contained a male player was made by a team the girls had beaten earlier in the tournament. A referee threatened to disqualify the Loneman team unless Coach Scott Ten Fingers could prove that all of his players were girls. Ten Fingers gave his word, but that wasn't enough. That was when a YMCA volunteer took the girls into the locker room and made them show their bra straps and the waistbands on their panties.

The YMCA later apologized to the school.

Ten Fingers, who didn't give permission for the examination, said he would bring the team member's birth certificates to next year's tournament.

While some would say the EEOC wimped out over the Hooters issue, the European Court of Justice is holding fast to the principal of sexual equality in the workplace.

The court, which sits in Luxembourg, has ruled that workers who change their sex are protected by European Union (EU) law from gender-based job discrimination, upholding a right to "dignity and freedom."

In a case involving a transsexual fired by the Cornwall County Council in Britain, the court said a 1976 EU law banning gender discrimination applied, no matter what the sex of the worker.

"The right not to be discriminated against on the grounds of sex is one of the fundamental human rights whose observance the Court has a duty to ensure," said a Court summary of the ruling.

The worker who brought the case, named "P" in the ruling, was fired in 1992 as a manager in an educational establishment after he had an initial round of surgery to become a woman.

The final operation was performed before the dismissal took effect. An industrial tribunal ruled that "P" had been fired because of her "gender reassignment," but that Britain's Sex Discrimination Act did not apply.

You can make a difference! Help us fight for your right to be transgendered.

In June of 1995, several of the national transgender organizations created the community's first political action committee — GenderPAC. It's purpose is to fund the increasing number of political activities of the transgender community such as the Transgender Lobby Days last October. In just a few short months, GenderPAC, through the evangelism of a few dedicated people, managed to raise and disburse over \$10,000. It is not enough.

It's time for the entire community to pitch in. GenderPAC wants to ensure that your right to work, your right to fair housing, and your right to reasonable public accommodations will not be denied. GenderPAC will continue to lobby Congress in 1996 for transgender inclusion in the Employment Non-Discrimination Act (ENDA). But, we can't do it alone and we can't do it for free. Your tax-deductible contribution will make the crucial difference. Give and give generously. You'll feel really good about it. Send your contributions to:

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However, the tribunal asked the Court of Justice to decide whether the EU discrimination directive barred such dismissals.

In its response, the court said the law could not be confined simply to discrimination based on a person's sex. It also applies to discrimination against persons who choose to have sex-change surgery since that puts them at a disadvantage compared with persons of their original sex, the summary said.

"To tolerate such discrimination would be tantamount, as regards such a person, to a failure to respect the dignity and freedom to which he or she is entitled, and which the Court has a duty to safeguard," the court said.

It was not clear if the ruling would have any impact on British law which prohibit transsexuals from have their gender changed on official documents.

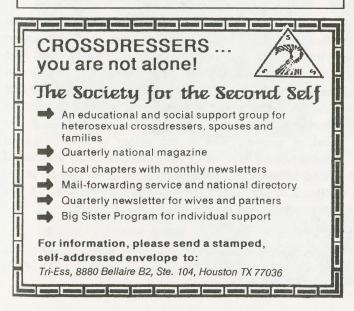
The lack of official standing didn't stop one of Britain's leading orthopedic surgeons from declaring status as a transsexual.

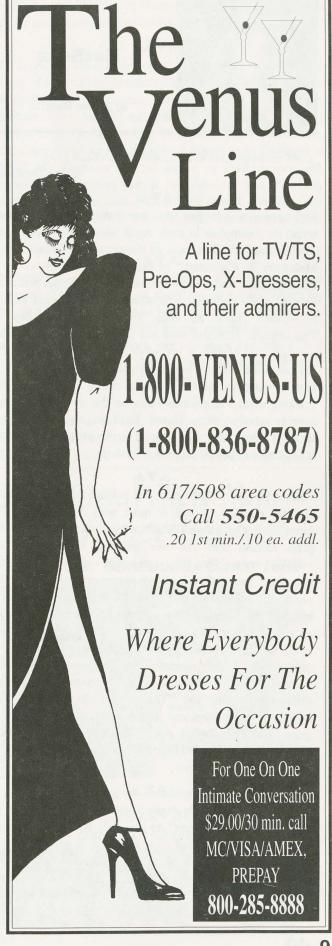
Dr. William Muirhead-Allwood, who was a member of the team that performed hip replacement surgery on the Queen Mother last November, made the disclosure because of an expose planned by a London newspaper.

"For years I have called myself Sarah, and that is how many of my friends know me," Muirhead-Allwood said. "I would rather be a woman than a man. I haven't decided about a sex change yet, but by its nature transsexuality means you end up having surgery."

Only one reader sent in a clipping this month, but the poor dear wasted her stamp. Kalina Isato of Philadelphia dutifully sent her clip to Cross-Talk, in California, not knowing that Ms. Sinclair lives a mere dozen blocks away.

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HotBuzz

by JoAnn Roberts

"Every accomplishment starts with the decision to try." -- Ann Onymous

AVA

So I have to wonder just what was it that Kelly Harris was trying to accomplish in early April when she appeared on AM Philadelphia. The topic of the show was "Should Child Molesters Be Castrated?" brought on by the request of a child molester about to be released from a Texas prison to be voluntarily castrated. The show featured a legal expert, a victim's rights advocate, Dr. Terrence Malloy of Pennsylvania Hospital who has done castrations for that purpose, and Harris, a post-operative MTF transsexual. I did not see the show, but, girlfriend, did I hear about it. I have to wonder what the producer of AM Philadelphia was thinking when she invited Harris on the show. And then I have to wonder where Harris' head was to accept. There couldn't have been a worse mismatch of subjects: transgendered people and sex offenders.

After two and a half years of publishing, Davina Anne Gabriel decided to call it quits with TransSisters: The Journal of Transsexual Feminism according to a March press release sent out over the net. Gabriel says the primary reason was the pressures of publishing the magazine had deleterious consequences on her health, physically, emotionally and psychologically. Also, the work involved in publishing TransSisters had expanded to such an extent that it left her with almost no social life, and also without providing any significant income. The readership of the magazine never grew beyond 250. Gabriel also said she had become increasingly disillusioned with the "Transgender Movement." Back issues of TransSisters are still available for \$5 each until gone. Write to Davina Anne Gabriel, 4004 Troost Ave, Kansas City, MO 64110 or send e-mail to Davina at <davinaanne@aol.com>.

AVA

Gabriel isn't the only transsexual disillusioned with the "Transgender Movement" as she calls it. The newsgroups <alt.transgendered> and <soc.support.transgendered> were aflame for most of February and March when the two groups were (some would say) "invaded" by transsexual absolutists. These absolutists claim there are only transvestites who are men and "true" post-op transsexuals

who are women. A transgenderist is really just a transvestite playing at being a woman. Now, I haven't been on the net that long, but I have been in one or two flame wars myself and I've observed several, but the nasty, mean-spirited rhetoric coming from both sides in this so-called debate could have stripped the epoxy paint off a ship's hull. At the heart of the, ahem ... discussion was the absolutists' desire to create a new transsexual-only hierarchy: <alt.new-women> and <alt.new-men>. As in real wars, there was plenty of collateral damage. Anyone at all involved with transgender politics, like Riki Anne Wilchins and Phyllis Randolph Frye, were fair game even though they were not directly involved in the postings. The real extent of the damage was revealed in a private post by a newbie who was afraid to attend a local support group meeting for fear it would be a hostile environment. Fortunately, she was convinced it would be safe and enjoyed her first visit.

It's not just a few transsexuals playing politics on the net. At least one transvestite is into playing games. Debra Berube operates a web site under the sobriquet DBAssociates. At her site, Berube claims, is all the information you'd ever want or need to know about the transgender community. Now, that's a big claim and anyone making it ought to be able to back it up. So, I went browsing in her resource listings and guess which national organization is conspicuous by its absence? Yep, Renaissance, not national nor any of the chapters are listed. Click on Delaware and you get a message that says she's sorry but there are no transgender support groups in the state. Not only that, the magazine you're reading right now isn't listed anywhere either! See if you can convince her to list Renaissance and Cross-Talk. She won't talk to me because my web site "competes" with hers. The address is DBAssoc., P.O. Box 2085, Natick MA 01760. Call her at 1-800-893-2829, or e-mail to: < dba@tiac.net >.

While we're up New England way, a press release from Dr. Sheila Kirk in mid-March announced her relocation to Pittsburgh, Pa. Kirk moved from the Pittsburgh area four years ago to work as a volunteer at IFGE. The release says that Kirk will continue her association with IFGE, but that she finds it necessary to move back in order to continue her transgender research projects and to expand her writing projects. Kirk is the author of two books on hormones for MTF and FTM transsexuals and coauthor of Medical and Legal Issues for Transgendered People in the Workplace. As of May, Dr. Kirk can be reached at P.O. Box 38114, Blawnox PA 15238 or by calling (412) 781-1092.

Time for fun and fashion ... I finally made it over to the newly expanded King of Prussia Mall and, wow, it really is big. We wandered into Nordstroms and I was amazed at what I saw there. First there was the ladies shoe department that took at least two-thirds of the floor. I don't think I've ever seen a shoe department that big before. And, they carry shoes up to size 13WW, nice looking ones too. Next I spotted the M-A-C counter. I think this is the only M-A-C outlet in the Philadelphia area. M-A-C is the cosmetic line that hired RuPaul as its spokesmodel. I'm definitely going back and spend some serious money (it was mobbed when we there). Next stop was the dress department on the second floor -- again, huge and a large selection of sizes, up to 24. We cruised by the couture salon where I spotted this cute little orange tank dress and immediately recognized Herve Legere's signature "bandage" style. So I peeked at the price tag and instantly got a nose bleed: \$7700. And no, it wasn't a mistake. There were two at the same price. Who buys this stuff and do they wear it with or without insurance?

AVA

While I'm on the subject of dresses ... There is often confusion between Misses and Womens sizes, so let's try to clear that up. Womens sizes tend to be shorter through the trunk, as much as an inch or more. And, Womens sizes are designed differently. Typically, a Misses dress is designed as a size 8 and is then scaled up to an 18 and down to a 2. A Womens dress is designed as a size 20 and then scaled up and down. The result is that the proportions

end up quite different. A Womens 14 (14W) is really much closer to a Misses 16 than a Misses 14.

To help you squeeze into that Misses 14 is a whole new array of foundation garments from the likes of Nancy Ganz Bodyslimmers' Hourglass Dress slip, corset-like body briefers from Natori, and Miracle Slips from Victoria's Secret. Even the Hanes One Place catalog has a corsolette. On a recent visit to Lee Brewster's Mardi Gras Boutique in NYC, Ms. Brewster steered me to an industrial-strength corsolette by Jezebel that is just fabulous and it's really pretty too. Ask for item #751. You'll love it. The boutique is located at 400 W. 14th St., near 9th Avenue, (212) 645-1888.

Makeup tips for summer ... Avoid opaque frosty lip and eyecolor. The idea is to get sheer see-thru color. Don't try to match your eyeshadow to your eye color. And don't use two dramatically different pastel eyeshadows. As for mascara, you've got more options than just black and brown these days. Try: YSL's Navy; Guerlain's Mauve; Dior's Moss Green; or YSL's Violet.

You also have to pay attention to your nails this summer. It'll do no good to have a pastel face and blood red nails. The fashion pundits recommend the following: For the

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AVA

Lipstick shades in browns are hot for the summer, from beige to dark chocolate. Brown is a universal color and anyone can find a shade that works for them.

AVA

Cosmetics haven't made it big time on the Internet yet, but there are a few sites for cosmetics. Aveda can be found at <www.aveda.com>, and Biomedic is at <www.bioskin.com>. Clinique cosmetics can be found at <www.univbkstr.com/clinique/> although it is not an official Clinique site. Cosmetics specifically for our community are sold at Genteel Products at <www.aaconsult.com/genteel>. Tell Cindie I sent you.

AVA

Have a hard time finding shoes that look nice and fit properly? Thanks to computer technology, those days may be numbered. A new store called **Custom Shoes** may be coming to your shopping mall soon. Custom Shoes scans your feet, generates a custom pattern and then sends the pattern off to Italy where a pair of shoes are made just for you, in any size. The cost is between \$120 and \$200 which is about what you'd pay for a really good pair of shoes. It takes two weeks.

AVA

Joan Rivers used to joke about shaving her legs all the way up before visiting her gynecologist, but it seems it's no joke. According to a survey, 92 percent of females 13 and older shave their legs, but 33 percent of those shave only from the knee down. I wonder how many males shave from the knee down?

AVA

Summer skirt lengths seem a bit schizophrenic this season. The runways are showing skirts at the knee or very, very short, like mid-thigh.



AVA

Lots of people in this community are interested in cosmetic surgery. Some are looking for breast augmentation. Some are looking for nose jobs, brow lifts, or cheek implants. Well, look no further than your Internet connection to find out all about cosmetic surgery at the American Society of Plastic Surgeons web site: www.softcom.com.asaps>. It was pretty busy when I tried to get into it (unsuccessfully), so be patient.

AVA

Awhile back I mentioned **Revlon**'s new ColorStay foundation. I haven't tried it yet, but I did get e-mail from **Nicole**, who did, and she liked it ... a lot. She said it was as good as the **Max Factor** Active Protection base I've been touting for years. There is one negative. She says it takes tons of makeup remover to get it off. Better your face than your clothes.

AVA

So, those are my opinions, but, hey, what do *I* know? The only person I ever compete with is myself. That way I never get complacent and I'm always trying to be better. Comments? Write care of this publication or e-mail them to *<cyberqueen@cdspub.com*>. Copyright 1996 by Creative Design Services.



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GUEST COMMENTARY

SOME NEWS THAT AT LEAST WILL NOT BORE YOU

by Deirdre N. McCloskey

Michel Montaigne, the inventor of the personal essay, wrote in 1580 that regardless of what his official subject might be, "it is myself that I portray." (Actually he wrote, "c'est moi que je peins," though Lord knows why he didn't just say so in plain English.) The same could be said of the most "objective" of the economist's scholarly productions.

You write a paper filled with math and statistics about the labor market, but if anyone is going to read and use it you have to portray yourself skillfully -- as someone worth listening to, for example, someone who knows her stuff. And you tell about yourself in other ways. Bob Solow, the most

graceful writer in our field, ends up telling people in every other sentence, "I have command of a classic prose style, and here I am applying it to the dismal science. What a gas. Let's not get too pompous about this stuff."

That's my excuse for making a highly personal revelation here. We may be economists, but we are also human beings, and the two have something to do with each other (believe me, they do). Let's not get too pompous about this stuff.

It is a fact that there is not a single openly (out, avowed) homosexual prominent in the economics profession. This is very strange, one of those rare cases in which Student's-t is applicable. Whatever you think of the Kinsey percentage of men or women with homosexual experiences (the old 10% figure) or the more recent, low figures, there must be hundreds upon hundreds of gays and lesbians in our field. Yet no economist of my acquaintance will answer to the question, "Are you married?" with, "No, but my lover and I have been together quite a while." Such a statement would bring the talk over a beer after a seminar to an embarrassed halt.

Straight people and some homosexuals will reply, "What does it matter? It doesn't affect how you take a first derivative," which is true. But the silence oppresses even when it does not intend to (and often enough it does intend to). If every single example of a family in the new family economics is taken from a vision of the heterosexual couple with 1.3 children, someone is being left out. If the sight of two men holding hands in the hallway outside the Econ Dept brings snickers to the lips of colleagues, someone is being stuffed back into a closet, the door

slammed.

So is my "revelation" that I am gay? No. Unfortunately, it's rarer. I wish I had as large of a community to relate to. The gay community is not out in economics, but post-Stonewall it is out in the world and widely respected. (Western art would barely exist without the gay

Economists are not well-known for "coming out of closets", but one respected economist has.

contribution; women's literature would be impoverished without the lesbian contribution; philosophy would never have begun without Socrates and his young men. These observations alone seem to me to be a heck of a strong argument for respect, though not the core one, which is economic: people engaged in Pareto-optimal exchanges among themselves should be respected and left alone, laissez-faire.)

No, I am not gay. I am transgendered, and at age 53, having been a good soldier for four decades, I am doing something about it. Not to startle you, but I am becoming a woman economist.

That's not precise. You can't in essence "become" a 100-percent woman or man or Italian if you don't start out right. XY chromosomes cannot be changed into XX. More importantly, no one is in essence a woman without having had a girlhood or other female experiences, and similarly for men and boys. (It turns out, surprisingly, that there are about as many female to male transsexuals as male to female; I know personally a decorated San Francisco policeman who three years ago was a decorated San Francisco policewoman). But we do not function in science or life with essences or 100 percents. To the poor extent I can manage it -- crossing gender costs about as much as a Mercedes, and at that price I'm buying -- I'm going to become a tall, ugly, incompetent but indubitably female economist. I go full-time on January 1, 1996. My legal name is already changed to Deirdre (Deer-druh, nickname "Dee"; in Old Irish it means "wanderer").

Why would anyone do such a thing? The "why" question has the usual answer we give in economics about

consumption: stop asking it, since you might as well ask people why they like chocolate ice cream. "Understanding" isn't the issue here. We're not talking about a theorem, but "sympathy" or "moral sentiment." (I take the phrase from Adam Smith, and think women will see the point better than men.) I have realized that I have always felt more naturally a woman than a man, despite my inconvenient plumbing and my normally macho behavior. Trying it out carefully, under medical supervision (your local medical monopoly, I mean), with much advice, I am stunned by how well it fits me.

It isn't about sex, if you mean by that the sexual object. It's about identity, the subject. It's not about who you love but who you are. I've come to realize that economics is weak in thinking about subjects and identity. We're very good at budget constraints, very poor at accounts of utility.

I'm not ashamed of changing into a woman. For one thing I have never regarded being a woman as shameful. For another the gender boundaries of our society should not be any more uncrossable than international boundaries or disciplinary boundaries. I was talking to someone the other day and was saying to him, "You know, it's odd that more people don't do this. After all, our ancestors changed nationality on a massive scale, and that's as fundamental as gender." He laughed and said: "You don't get it, do you Deirdre? Most people don't want to change their gender!" Hmm. Oh. I hadn't thought of that.

Nor, as you can see, am I willing to try to hide it, moving to Spokane anonymously and becoming a secretary in a grain elevator. One can hardly hide a new gender from old acquaintances, and if I want to continue the mad

career of D. N. McCloskey as teacher and writer I have to come out. Unsatisfactory as it is -- you will always know me as Formerly Don -- it's the best I can do with the rest of my life. Montaigne also said, "The greatest thing in the world is to know how to be one's own." Right.

Any among you who is inclined to view this as a moral question has my respect. Economists do not pay enough heed to moral questions, hiding behind the sophomore philosophy of normative/positive. But anyone who takes "moral" to mean "following strictly the lay of Deuteronomy 22:5, 'The woman shall not wear that which pertains unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment; for all that do so are abominations unto the Lord thy God" had better be a strictly practicing Orthodox Jew. Six verses later the Lord God says, "You shalt not wear a garment of diverse sorts, as of woolen and linen together. Thou shalt make thee fringes upon the four quarters of thy vesture, wherewith thou coverest thyself," among hundreds of such specifications.

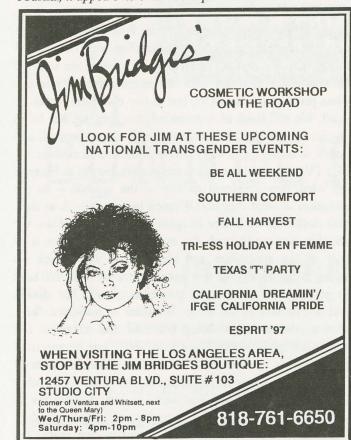
One real moral question is how it affects other people. I love my wife of 30 years and my two grown children, for whom this has been hard, very hard: they thought they knew Don. I can only say that I also thought I knew Don, and was equally startled when I figured out he was in fact Deirdre (so to speak: I'm not saying this literally). What they and I and you need is what is lacking in an economic science that studies The Wealth of Nations but studiously ignores The Theory of Moral Sentiments: love.

My university, my community, my friends in economics and elsewhere have been wonderfully loving. St. Paul wrote that love does not vaunteth itself, is not puffed up: love is character we economists lost with Jeremy Bentham and his humorless ways. There is a great deal of humor in this. After I had finished coming out to the dean of my business school, the economist Gary Fethke, he paused, then said: "Good Lord, I'm relieved. I thought you were going to confess you were converting to socialism!" Then he said, "This is great for our affirmative action goals: one up, one down." Then he said, "And look here: I can now cut your salary to 67 percent of the male level." And seriously, he like all my bosses and friends, said: "That's an odd thing to do. How can I help?" I do not regret having been a man, and in seminars often enough a tough-guy s.o.b. (well, come to think of it, I do regret that, and so should all you guys). But I must say I vastly prefer being a woman, and am going to try not to bring over too many of my nasty male habits to the new role. The way economists of my acquaintance have reacted has been wonderful, and I'm starting to grasp what's special about female friendships. It makes you wonder whether an economics that ignores love and friendship might be a little nuts. I'm going to be very interested to see how all this alters my thinking about economics. Or I could just ask Claudia Goldin or Francine Blau. That would have been a lot simpler.

genial and amused, as Adam Smith was in his life, a



Deirdre N. McCloskey is affiliated with the University of Iowa and the Erasmus University of Rotterdam. This commentary originally appeared in her column "Other Things Equal" in the Fall 1995 issue of the Eastern Economic Journal; it appears here with their permission.





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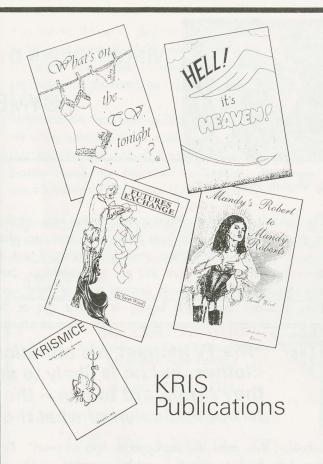


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VIRGIN VIEWS BY VIRGINIA

SYMBOLS AND PSYCHOLOGY

by Virginia Prince, Ph.D.

The following article is almost a case of *deja vu ...* or *deja vu* all over again, to quote Yogi Berra. This morning, when I went to the Post Office and the market, I got to observing the women I saw and got to ruminating about how sloppy and unattractively dressed most of them were. Then I asked myself, "If beauty is in the eye of the



"The TV focuses his attention on clothes, but he is likely to see what they represent to him -- the symbol -to the exclusion of what they are."

beholder, then must not the opposite also be true?" That turned me back on myself ... and by extension, on the rest of the CD community. And it occured to me that our ideas about clothing and womens' idea about the same clothing are quite different. "Aha!" I said to myself, "here is a subject for my next column!" And I resolved to write it.

But Kym, who had been needling me to get a column to her, called to advise that I had once again missed a deadline and she was planning to publish an article of mine that had appeared in the May, 1963 issue of the *FPE Femme Mirror* ... and when she read part of it to me, I nearly fell out of my chair. There it was, the very column I was about to sit down at the computer and write. I am, of course, proud of anything smart or perceptive that I said in the reprint that follows; but it also occurs to me that if this is the case, I must have been smarter and more perceptive 33 years ago than I remember! But it might also say that I am no longer creative, having "shot my wad", as it were, several years ago, and I am now running on my mental archives. That's a frightening thought, so apparently I'll just have to go crank out some new perceptions!

So, here is what I wrote three decades ago on the subject:

Our society and culture are filled with situations in which fiction is taken for fact, fantasy for truth; and symbols are confused with the things they stand for. The latter occurs in the field of our interest, too, and often we do not realize it. It seems worthwhile, therefore, to call attention to it as one of the bits of mental discipline which we ought to perform now and again in the interest of the wisdom, moderation, and particularly the perspective that I often

refer to.

In the present case I am thinking of our attitude toward women. Women are facts of nature and should really be considered as such, but let us pause a moment and ask ourselves if our own particular brand of psychology doesn't lead us to confuse fancy and fact quite a good deal. As

= males we are attracted to females as we mature. Our attraction is something more than that of a cat or a dog ... simply instinctive and sexual. We tend to glorify the female a great deal, to put her on a pedestal and the write songs about how we'd swim the widest ocean and climb the highest mountains, etc.

(and ad nauseum) just for her. This attitude helps make everything during courtship but it also provides a large bubble that bursts sometime after the wedding ceremony, leaving the male with the disconcerting task of rearranging his sense of values to deal with his wife as she is and not as he imagined her to be. This task is accomplished, more or less, in due time and things settle down ... for ordinary males, that is. For TVs, married or not, the tendency is to keep on dealing with the symbol rather than the reality. True, those of us who are married have to come to terms with this matter of reality in our wives just like the non-TVs, but in our own little world we don't. We still think of womankind, her clothing, her lot in life, and everything about her as being above, beyond, and better, in nearly every way than our own level of existence.

The TV focuses his attention on clothes, but he is likely to see what they represent to him -- the symbol -- to the exclusion of what they are. Women just don't look at their own clothes as we like to imagine they do or as we do. We see this clothing through the eyes of a man and see it as part of the symbolism and glorification with which we endow womankind. We don't see the reality of it. We tend to get annoyed when a girl gets careless with her clothes and just dresses as she feels. We think to ourselves, "here she has the means of being beautiful and attractive and she is just plain sloppy." But how about her perspective? She probably couldn't care less at that particular moment about looking beautiful or attractive. She has a lot of other things on her mind and just wants to use clothing for its most utilitarian purposes, i.e., to keep warm and modest. She doesn't want to be Brigitte Bardot at that point. Yet

the TV is not likely to be willing to let the woman just be another kind of human being with her own share of discomforts, problems, frustrations, etc. To him she is a symbol of the good, the beautiful, the desirable ... and her clothing becomes the outer shell of this symbol. He feels that to don these robes is to partake of this goodness, this beauty. Thus, in his imagination and fantasy he is tricked twice: once into thinking that a woman is something much above and beyond what she actually is, and second because he endows her clothing -- the uniform of this goddess -with qualities that it does not possess. For example, it cannot be argued from simple fact that a tight bra and tight girdle are "comfortable" in the proper sense of the term, and most any woman will agree, but because some TVs enjoy the constriction of the girdle and the sense of femininity that a properly padded bra gives them, they hold forth at great length about these "wonderful" garments and how comfortable and at ease they make him feel.

Am I a traitor to the cause to suggest that he has a mixed-up sense of values? Not really. I once felt that way, too, but I've been fortunate enough to express Virginia practically to any degree I wish, more or less whenever I wish, and thus I've arrived at what is actually a more feminine viewpoint (more the viewpoint of the average woman) than the way I used to feel. Now I see why my wife gets out of her girdle, bra and high heels at the first opportunity. Let's face it, they are not "comfortable" in the

way we would apply that word to anything else, but they are strong symbols of femininity for which we yearn, and therefore we tend, through our own characteristic psychological approach to things, to take them as symbols of reality.

However, we can have neither wisdom nor perspective if we allow ourselves to be confused in this manner, and thus this column was intended simply to call attention to the matter (and to stimulate a certain awareness and consideration of this aspect of our "pattern").



Virginia Prince is a co-founder of The Society for the Second Self (Tri-Ess) and the former publisher of Transvestia magazine. She may be contacted at P.O. Box 36091, Los Angeles CA 90036.

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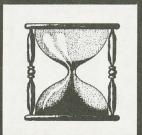
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16



HIS/HERSTORY

FAMOUS TRANNIES IN EARLY MODERN TIMES

by Roberta Perkins

Throughout the modern history of western society a number of women and men have successfully changed their gender. This article looks at the most famous of them from the 16th century through to the 19th century.

Moll Cutpurse and Other 16th Century Trannies: The Renaissance period in Europe, which followed the Middle

Ages, carried many of the vestiges of Medieval ideologies. With regard to sex, the idea that men were superior beings to women continued. With this rationale, the woman who strives to be a man is considered to be aspiring for greater intelligence and social superiority, whilst the man who prefers to be a woman rejects intelligence and the social privileges of masculinity. Thus, the authorities were more likely to punish a man for attempting to change his gender than a woman

who acted like a man. The case of the Englishwoman Moll Cutpurse is a good example of this. Born Mary Firth in 1584 she showed early signs of a preference for being a boy. Although she began dressing in male clothes she never tried to hide her biological sex. But, at one stage she claimed she was a hermaphrodite and wore clothes that could be described as androgynous, such as a skirt, sword and jerkin. She was forced to do penance by the Church for persisting with her manly behavior, which included petty thievery and pickpocketing (thus, her nickname), but she seems never to have been punished by the civil authorities. In fact, her adventures so caught the public imagination that two plays were written about her in her lifetime in 1611 and 1618.

Much less fortunate was the Spanish woman Elena de Cespedes (1545-88), who grew up a normal girl and even married at 16 and had a child. But her husband deserted her, so she gave away her baby and moved to Granada, where she claimed she suddenly grew a penis. She began wearing male clothing and adopted a masculine identity, calling herself Eleno. Eleno had an affair with his married landlady and to escape the wrath of her husband joined the army, and after several campaigns in which he was wounded, he obtained a discharge and settled in Madrid, where he fell in love with a peasant girl and proposed marriage. When seeking a priest to perform the marriage ceremony, his sex came under question. He agreed to a physical examination by surgeons and was passed as a

man. After some years of married life Eleno's sex came under suspicion once again and he was forced to undergo another inspection. This time the examiners found no penis but a vagina and declared he was a woman. Dragged before the inquisitional court for false pretenses, poor Eleno's marriage was annulled, he was given a public

The Chevalier d'Eon, the Abbe de Choisy, and other gender crossers of recent times are profiled.

whipping of 200 lashes and sentenced to a ten-year imprisonment. The strange case of Elena/Eleno de Cespedes was the talk of the town for many years and people were puzzled over the disappearing penis. Either he was a true hermaphrodite or a very skilful trannie who used sleight of hand to maintain his male identity.

If men who crossdressed were treated more severely, this was certainly not so for members of the aristocracy. King Henri III of France, who reigned from 1574 to 1589, was a notable crossdresser, who strutted about court in female attire and attended balls and masques as an Amazon or wearing a ball-gown and feminine makeup and jewelry. Pierre de l'Estoile, the court chronicler, reported that the king often appeared in public gorgeously attired in feminine finery attended by mignons of young men dressed like prostitutes in a bordello. Agrippa d'Aubigne, the Huguenot critic of the French Catholic court accused the King's mother, Catherine de Medici, of corrupting and feminizing her son in order to keep power in her own hands.

The Abbe de Choisy and Other 17th Century Trannies: The early 17th century was a time of both political and social chaos in Europe. In 1602 "the French parliament condemned a hermaphrodite to death because he made use of the sex which he had abjured," wrote Eugene de Savitsch. "Hermaphrodites were forbidden to be judges, advocates and university rectors." Fortunately, by mid-century such attitudes had softened a great deal, and may even had



The Chevalier d'Eon at the age of 25, from a painting by Angelica Kauffman after Latour.

reversed in France. Otherwise, the likes of Francois Timoleon de Choisy (1644-1724) would never have been able to "come out" as he did. Better known as the Abbe de Choisy, due to his appointment to the abbacy of St. Seine, he was a member of a very influential family at court, and because of this he may have gotten away with much more than others of lesser station in society. Choisy's life has been well documented by others, as well as his own very detailed memoirs. By all accounts he was the classic transvestite, never attempting to disguise his biological sex, but frequently going about in public in full female attire and expressing a deep regret for not been born a girl. Choisy's mother dressed him as a girl until he reached 18 when he began appearing in public as a man. At least one historian has suggested a political motive behind his crossdressing: he was deliberately feminized so as never to present a threat to King Louis XIV's throne. Be that as it may, Choisy never seems to have had any political ambitions and seems to have been quite contented with his public outings at the opera, the theatre, balls and other events dressed in the most lavish of female fashions.

Choisy was often visited by young women in his chambers. His fascination with female accourrements made him something of an expert on women's fashions and prominent society matrons brought their daughters to Choisy for advice. According to his own memoirs he took

these young maids to bed before their mother's eyes, but did no more than fondle and kiss them. He did, however, manage to get one woman pregnant, a well-known actress called Roselie, whom Choisy enjoyed dressing up as a man, and the pair of them strolling about the streets of Paris with she as the husband and he as her wife. As Choisy aged he continued to dress as a woman less and less and spent his final years reminiscing on his youth when he was admired by fashionable society as the prettiest girl in town.

Few men had as exiting and dangerous a life as Christina Davies, who was born in Dublin in 1667. She came into wealth from a rich aunt while still a teenager and as was required of women in those days she had to seek a husband to look after her estate. She married Richard Welsh and had two children by him. But one day her husband disappeared whilst on an errand. Believing him to have been shanghaied by the army to fight overseas, she decided to seek him out by herself joining up in the English dragoons. She cut her hair, put on her husband's clothes and took the name of Christopher Welch. Christopher was shipped to the front line in Holland during the War of the League of Augsberg between England and France. He was wounded and taken prisoner, but was exchanged for a captured French soldier. After a scrap with his regimental sergeant to save a tavern maid from the sergeant's assaults, he was court-martialled. Although pardoned for striking his superior, Christopher



The Chevalier d'Eon at the age of 36, from a mezzolini by Vispre.

resigned from his regiment and re-enlisted in another, which saw action and defeat at Namurs in 1692.

His regiment was disbanded after this disastrous campaign and he returned to Ireland to make sure his children were taken good care of by his mother. Once assured of their well being, he returned to the dragoons and more fighting in Holland. Christopher was wounded again but the surgeons failed to discover his biological sex. While recovering from this wound Richard Welsh turned up. Christopher made him swear not to give the game away, and they returned to the army as brothers. In 1703 Christopher was badly wounded by a mortar fragment, and this time the surgeons discovered he was a female. Thereafter he returned to being Christina but remained with the army as a nurse and cook. Only when her husband was killed in battle did she finally resign for the last time. She returned to Dublin to live the rest of her life with her children. After her extraordinary life as a soldier she seems to have been contented with the quiet life of a matron, and despite her numerous wounds and privations she managed to live to the ripe old age of 108.

The Chevalier d'Eon and Other 18th Century Trannies: Perhaps the best known of all crossdressers was Charles Genevieve Louis Auguste Andre Timothee d'Eon de Beaumont, more simply referred to simply as the Chevalier d'Eon (1728-1810), whose name became synonymous with the psychological condition of transvestism, or eonism. He too enjoyed a remarkable life, full of vigorous adventures. The flamboyant d'Eon was an outstanding soldier and superb swordsman, who was slightly built and quite effeminate in appearance. Like Choisy, he was also born into an upper class family influential in the French court. Thus, he too had the advantage of class privilege and protection enabling him to make his cross dressing habits public. As a young man d'Eon was given a spying mission to Russia and for the first time he made a public appearance dressed as a woman when he was presented to the Czarina as the niece of the king's envoy. Taken into the Czarina's confidence as her maid-of-honor d'Eon was able to deliver to her secret letters from King Louis XV. D'Eon subsequently made two more diplomatic missions to Russia but on these occasions as the Chevalier. In 1757 he made a dashing ride from Vienna to Paris to bring his king news of an Austrian victory over the Prussians in the Seven Years War. After the war he was granted a life pension by the grateful King Louis and a commission as captain in the king's dragoons. He was also sent to England to begin negotiations on the Peace of Paris treaty between France and England that brought the war to an end.

D'Eon continued his double role as spy and diplomat in England but fell out with the French ambassador in London. On one occasion d'Eon challenged him to a duel, but the ambassador, well aware of his reputation as a swordsman, declined and struck back by an attempt at publicly ridiculing him with the story of d'Eon's episode as a maid-of-honor in the Russian court. When this failed to have the expected impact, the ambassador spread a rumor that d'Eon was really a woman. The English were fascinated and began making bets on his true sex. D'Eon kept the momentum going by sometimes appearing in public as the Chevalier and sometimes dressed as a woman, apparently on the king's orders. He even gave fencing exhibitions dressed as Joan of Arc. Two prominent betters forced d'Eon to prove his sex in court, which ruled in favour of him being a female. When he returned to France following the death of Louis XV, the new king, Louis XVI, ordered d'Eon to dress as a woman as he was convinced that the Chevalier was indeed of the "fair sex". He was the sensation of Paris society, which loved a scandal and the notoriety of anything sexual. Apparently, d'Eon was not happy with the king's decision and occasionally made public appearances redressed as a man. But the threat of losing his pension forced him to continue his masquerade. After the French Revolution poor d'Eon lost his pension anyway, and he died in poverty dependent on the charity of old friends. When he was buried his body was carefully examined and it was revealed that he was a perfectly formed male.

Throughout d'Eon's lifetime other men were being punished for daring to dress as women, even in private. In 1709 London police raided a transvestite club called the

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M. Kull 6957 NW Expressway Ste. 121, Oklahoma City, OK 73132 Mollies and publicly humiliated its members in court. In 1794 an even greater humiliation was experienced by members of another transvestite club in Clare Market. After it was raided they were dragged through the streets to the pillories, where they were pelted with rotten fruit, rubbish and dung sold as ammunition. The women faired much better, as a rule. Also, it seems more women were gender crossing than men. Between 1761 and 1815 the London annual registrar reported 15 cases of women dressed as men. A number of them sought high adventure on the high seas, such as the pirates Mary Read and Anne Bonnie, who only escaped the gallows due to their sex, or on the highway, like Lady Maude Ferrars, as daring a robber as any highwayman. Another was Mary Ann Talbot (1778-1808), who changed her identity as well as her clothes. Born into a wealthy English family, Mary was raped and beaten by an army officer when she was just 14, and then forced her to accompany him to Santa Domingo, where he deserted her. To survive, she disguised herself as a boy and calling herself John Taylor joined the army as a drummer. In Flanders John was shot with a musket ball and stabbed by a sword-wielding French soldier. To avoid risk of discovery he attended to his own wounds.

He deserted from the army afterwards and joined the navy as an ordinary sailor. But one of his ships was scuttled by pirates and he was taken captive. However, the British navy retaliated and destroyed the pirate ship. John was

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back in the hands of the navy and once more into the breech. In a naval battle with the French he was wounded again. Miraculously, the surgeons who attended his wounds failed to discover he was a female, and after a period of recovery in hospital John was back at sea, this time as a midshipman. He was captured once again, this time by the French. He was released on a prisoner exchange and immediately joined a merchant ship bound for New York. The American captain was so impressed with his dashing young officer that he took him to his home hoping to make a match with his daughter. The daughter fell in love with John on first sight, and he was forced to flee by going to sea again. In London he was seized by a press gang determined to put him on a ship bound for battle at Trafalgar. He only managed to extricate himself from this dangerous situation by exposing his biological sex. After a discharge from the navy and now identifying as a woman, Mary spent a year fighting the British Navy in court for payment of her war service. She eventually won her case and retired to a quiet life in London. However, her money soon ran out, and she found herself in debt for owing rent. She ended up in jail, and died shortly after her release from the debtors' prison.

These are just a few of the best known trannies out of hundreds who have dotted the pages of history largely unknown.



Roberta Perkins is affiliated with the School of Sociology at the University of New South Wales, Australia. This is the seventh in a series of ten articles adapted from her thesis in anthropology; installments are presented in alternate months. The Australian term "tranny" has been retained throughout this article.

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The Bearded Lady

by Ricky Hunt Illustration by Rita

Ouch, the things you learn from your kids! I suppose every parent goes through this sort of thing, but being able to talk with your now adult children reveals some interesting things you were not aware of when they were growing up. Specifically, I gained some insights into the age old question "Do we tell the kids?" and I have a message for all you closeted crossdressers with children: You don't have to tell them, they already know.

My daughter has moved home to go to college in town, and our son visits on weekends, as much for the free laundry and all the food he can swipe as to visit the old folks. It was one of those late night gab sessions that occasionally happen, and the subject got around to the things they had pulled on their parents long enough ago to be able to admit them now. There's no other way to say it; we were bamboozled from top to bottom, and I can only console myself by thinking of the things I pulled on my parents in turn. Naturally the subject of my crossdressing came up along the way, and I was certainly enlightened.

My son found out when he went poking around in my van where I kept a suitcase of Ricky's clothes for the time I spent on the road. When my daughter was about 10 I built a locked closet in a corner of the attic to hide my dresses, thinking it was out of the way and would attract no interest. Yeah, I should have painted a billboard with a great red arrow saying "Daddy's hiding something behind this door and you absolutely need to find out what!" It became a challenge and it was practically no time before she found the key and opened the closet, with a friend looking on, and then hastily shut it again wondering what the heck those mammoth dresses were doing in there. It was a considerable time later that we formally told the kids about my odd hobby, and they have both been wonderfully accepting. They even managed to get through last Halloween when I came out of the closet and ran around the city in my flowery finest for all to see, and my daughter has seen me dressed many times without any damage to her psyche.

There is both a relief and a responsibility in having the kids know you are a crossdresser. Naturally no longer having to hide a major part of yourself is wonderful, but that also entails a major responsibility to not let your desires take over the needs of your family. The first crossdresser I met in person almost made me quit



dressing (Well, I know it wouldn't have lasted, but ...). He had absolutely no consideration for his wife and daughter, who could never invite people over because when he got the urge to dress he dressed and damn the family. He never helped around the house, spent money they didn't have on clothing and wigs, and made up the most outrageous stories to justify his insensitivity. I just noticed I have been using the masculine pronoun when I try mightily to use the feminine to describe my sisters even if it gives me a rather funny feeling to call a he a she. I have never been able to think of this person as anything other than a man with fake boobs. The pain he caused his family was so very apparent, but he could not see it or react to it. Years later, I took rape and abuse training and recognized that this person was using his crossdressing as one of many abusive tactics on his family. To see something I find so enjoyable perverted to a tool of hate disturbs me greatly, but then a very wise man once said "Never underestimate the power of human stupidity." Unfortunately, he was right. All this surfaced recently because my daughter is now an engaged woman, and we have brought my future son-in-law in on the secret. I actually think I was more nervous about him finding out than when our kids did. He is an exceptional young man and was not at all upset, but what happened couple weeks ago has blown my mind. With the baby and her mom in the house, I have not been able to get dressed for about three months now, and the urge is getting rather strong these days. When I found myself unexpectedly the only one in the house last Saturday I eagerly donned bra, blouse and heels and sat down at the computer to write. I did shut the bedroom door just in case someone came home, but knew I had at least four hours before any scheduled arrivals. Anyone who has dealt with one of those airline TV monitors is sure to know

(continued, page 26)

THE ADVENTURES OF KAREN

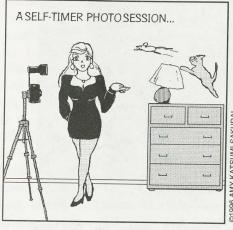
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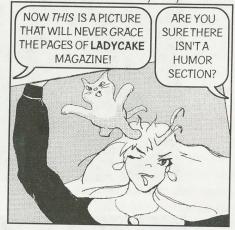


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WHAT'S ON THE TV TONIGHT? by Christine-Jane Wilson



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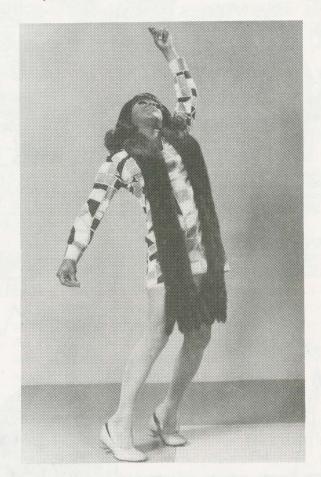


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TRANSGENDER TIPS

DEVELOPING A FEMALE VOICE, Part Three

by Melanie Anne Phillips

Having covered Resonance, and discounted Pitch, its time to move on to the other steps that can feminize your voice. Remember, Resonance creates a *female* voice; these other well-known steps are useful in *feminizing* whatever voice you have.

DYNAMIC RANGE: When I first started using my new female voice, the muscles were only developed enough to create a very monotone sound. In fact, it took me six months to get a good dynamic range.

As I mentioned in part one, dynamic range is the difference between the highest pitch and the lowest pitch used in conversation. Women use this range to put emphasis into their conversation. It brings extra meaning to the words beyond their normal definitions by putting a different "spin" on them.

Men use a different technique for emphasis: they get louder or softer within a narrow range of tones. So, in conversation, a man will "punch" some words and hold back others. In this manner they "make their point". In contrast, women will raise and lower their tone while keeping roughly the same amplitude or loudness. This is a striking difference in speech patterns and is a key identifier of a masculine or feminine personality. Keep in mind that masculine women will adopt the loudness approach in monotone, and the feminine man will rise and fall in tonality with even amplitude.

You'll notice the difference in the way women speak when you call them on the phone. If you are a man and call a company getting the female receptionist, her voice will be up in the scale, high in note so as to be cheerful and non-threatening. If she hears a man calling her she will stay there at that range of pitch. But if you are a woman calling in and get the same receptionist, she will answer the phone the same way, but as soon as she hears that it is a woman calling her, she will lower her tonal range.

This happens because men control the power in the world, especially in business. As a result, a woman, unless very assertive by nature, doesn't want to appear threatening. Men in business compete with men and also with women who are threatening. However, women have to stick together to get anything done in a male world.

When men in business get together it's a competition; when women in business get together it's a conspiracy. And this difference in approach and status is reflected in

the higher or lower tonal range that a woman adopts depending upon the gender of the other party. Similarly, if a woman *is* assertive and using amplitude to punch her emphasis, a non-assertive woman will keep her voice high to show she is not a threat.

Now, this is easily seen in women because they naturally use a wider dynamic range. But have you ever noticed how a man's voice goes up a few notes whenever he fears a superior is angry with him?

This is another aspect of dynamic range ... "stair step tonalities". What I mean by this is that in every group of several words a woman will string together in a sentence, usually no two are spoken at the same pitch. This is what makes women's voices sound so "sing song". In fact, they are singing!

Sometimes the stair steps go down to lower into that conspiratorial tone. Other times they go up to raise the emotional stakes. Often they rise and fall like sine waves to rush up under a phrase, then retreat like a wave on the sand. Speaking in stair step tonalities is best learned by listening to others, but it is learned, not intrinsic. Just like dynamic range, it is a function of conditioning rather than biology.

So, dynamic range is largely a masculine/feminine issue rather than a male/female one. How to learn it, however, is best covered in our next area.

ANNUNCIATION: Annunciation describes the shape into which words are formed. Men lean toward denotation rather than connotation. In other words, men get the job done as quickly as possible with the most focus. When speaking they hit the edges of words like square waves, cutting each one like they were chopping carrots.

In contrast, women are more connotation oriented. Women are not as concerned with the meaning of a word so much as its context, and that context is expressed in a more flowing, graceful manner. Women will round the edges of their words to avoid cliffs and walls.

Believe it or not, the best source I've found as an example of this is with Valley Girls. Val Speak for girls puts an envelope on the words that sing songs with stair steps, rounds the words and flows the hidden agenda of meaning in the background context.

I suggest that you rent either Whoopi Goldberg's stand up comedy routine on video tape or the movie Valley Girls.

Both of these have the feminine dialect down pat.

It is *much* easier to go overboard to an extreme and then tone it down than to try to build up from where you are now. There is so much initial embarrassment trying to speak female *and* each step requires addition work and additional habits to be broken. You learn one level of success then have to unlearn that to get to the next. But if you jump all the way to the extreme and use that, it will begin to average out with the annunciation you are using now and will tone itself down until it is right on the mark for normal conversation as today's woman.

I referred above to the "feminine dialect". But it is much more than that. In fact, the annunciation and dynamic range of femininity is applied to every language and every culture in the world. The words and grammar may change, but the connotation of the feminine meaning is a







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universal language that can be understood from woman to woman in times and worlds apart.

Still, it is not stilted or defined. In fact, it is quite flexible. Women do not live a single role but many, as mother, wife, career woman, friend. As such, she plays variations of the feminine dialect depending upon the role without ever losing the femininity. This can be accomplished by realizing that the feminine dialect is not one thing but several blended together. As a woman shifts from role to role, she uses the same tools, but with different emphasis depending upon the situation.

The voice that I use with my girlfriends is different than the voice I use when lecturing at work to my interns. The voice I use with my boyfriend is different than the voice I use with my wife. Get away from the binary, free yourself from definition. Go with the flow, be flexible, and play with variations on a theme.

We'll conclude the series next month by telling you how to *use* the new voice properly.



Melanie Anne Phillips can be reached at P.O. Box 295, Burbank CA 91503. To hear a sample of her voice, call her answering machine at (818) 840-0381.

THE BEARDED LADY ... continued from page 22

what happened next. In the middle of a creative fog there comes a knock on the bedroom door and I almost severed my knees when I leaped up in my chair and rammed them into the desk drawer. I hastily asked "Who is it?" and was answered by my future son-in-law's voice. He wanted to come in. Partial relaxation, he saw me dressed on Halloween and didn't freak out. But the beard is grown back now, it feels different.

Taking a firm grip on my lifelong reflex to hide my skirted self from the world I called out "I'll warn you I'm dressed, but if you want to you can come in." He did. Not so much as a raised eyebrow, no quaver in his voice, just a cheery "Hi Dad, where is everybody? We're all supposed to meet here for the concert." With that he crossed the room and put his hands on my shoulders. To me it felt like my bra straps were about two inches thick under his hands, drawing attention to my well padded bosom. He commented about how warm I felt to his cold hands and gave me a short neck rub, and went out to wait for the rest of the group to show up.

I feel very warm and fuzzy thinking about his matter of fact, uncritical acceptance of me. There are not many 20-year-old men who are able to casually touch another man while he's wearing women's clothes without the slightest bit of anxiety or revulsion. What I was wearing made absolutely no difference to him. Even though his news of an impending horde in my living room meant I had to return to the land of normalcy, I kept the glow of that unstrained personal acceptance with me throughout the day.



Alternative Presses

by Kymberleigh Richards

Passage

through

Trinidad

Journal of a Surgical Sex Change

CLAUDINE GRIGGS

There have been many autobiographies written by transsexuals regarding their experiences with the transition from male to female (or female to male, as the case may be). Yet when the subject of surgery comes up, it is either glossed over or made into the focal point of the

transsexual experience ... in either case, usually described in such glowing terms that one could hardly fault the reader for believing that SRS is the cure to all problems and that it is such a routine procedure, free of complications, that it might well be performed as outpatient surgery.

Now, along comes Claudine Griggs who, after narrowly escaping the scalpel of the

infamous John "Butcher" Brown when his medical license was revoked less than a month before her surgery was scheduled in 1977, continued to live as a woman, non-op, until making contact with Dr. Stanley Biber thirteen years later and having him perform the surgery in July of 1991. In her *Passage through Trinidad: Journal of a Surgical Sex Change* (McFarland & Co., 1996, ISBN 0-7864-0088-9), Griggs confines herself to telling her experience immediately leading up to surgery and at Mt. San Rafael Hospital in Trinidad, Colorado. And she does so in intricate detail, beginning with her decision late in 1990 to stop "having learned to live without surgery" and continuing through her initial meeting with Biber, the surgery and recuperation, and her return trip to Southern California.

And Griggs decidedly does *not* have an easy time of it in Colorado. Indeed, her honest and graphic description of the pain she endured should be required reading for any pre-op TS who suffers from the delusion that SRS is a "piece of cake" ... roughly half of the book is devoted to the time between the operating room and her release from the hospital. And those 100 or so pages are, quite frankly, enough to make me thankful to be non-op.

Her trip home is no piece of cake either. As someone whose lower back tends to go out at the most inopportune moments, I can sympathize with her difficulty in maneuvering a flight of stairs to her second-floor motel room in Kingman, Arizona on the return trip, not ten

days after surgery (although I am certain she felt many times more intense a pain than I ever have).

An aside: Since Griggs is from the same region as I, it was fascinating to read of her interactions with people I know personally, referred to by pseudonyms. (Only Dr. Biber seems to have been spared anonymity.) It is her endocrinologist who, during a routine checkup, causes her to question whether she can continue to survive non-op; knowing what a gentle man "Dr. Roberts" is in real-life, I can affirm that there was likely no better person to raise the question.

If I have one nit to pick, it is in a chapter near the end of the book, where Griggs, hoping to have an amended birth certificate issued showing her sex as female, is rebuffed by the State of Tennessee and finds that the ACLU is unable to assist her. She lists a number of possibilities -- including filing suit against the state (the author is a legal secretary whose employer knows why she took the trip to Colorado) -- yet when the ACLU declines to provide assistance, she does not return to those options, ending the chapter with the statement "my depression grows." While the concluding chapter makes it clear that she did overcome this setback, at least emotionally, the awkwardness expressed in relating this part of her story makes me wonder why she chose to include it at all if she did not intend to bring it to closure.

There is a passage in the final paragraphs in which Griggs says she sometimes feels "trapped in a female body in the same sense I once felt trapped in a male body." It is in that post-operative comparison of physical body to mental gender identity that the truth about transsexualism is revealed, and this is perhaps the best reason for those who believe themselves to be transsexual to read this book.

As with many books released by smaller publishers, you may have difficulty finding *Passage through Trinidad* in bookstores; it may be ordered directly from McFarland & Company for \$32.95 postage paid, at P.O. Box 611, Jefferson NC 28640.

Vernon Coleman is both a respected professional-in-retirement in the U.K. and a prolific

Men in Dresses

A study of transvestism/crossdressing

Why 10% of men dress in women's clothes. Why many women dan't know their partner's very growth of the control of the

author (he has written more than 70 books, which have been translated into over 20 languages, on topics ranging from stress to animal experimentation, pain control to body language, and including several works of fiction). Dr. Coleman is also a crossdresser, and that has led him to his latest work, *Men in Dresses* (European Medical Journal, 1996, ISBN 1-898947-99-6).

This study of transvestism is based upon 414 responses by British males to a newspaper questionnaire in the summer of 1995, as well as Coleman's correspondence with approximately 600 others during the same period. Beginning with his conclusion that most crossdressers are neither homosexual nor aspire to become transsexual (does this surprise anyone reading this review?), he attempts to debunk the myths and misconceptions surrounding the subject and show that crossdressing is, in fact, a remedy for stress.

For those who already understand the subject (or live it), there are very few surprises in this book: the median age at which Coleman's respondents began crossdressing is 13, the most common reason given for crossdressing is the feel of women's clothing, and two-thirds feared discovery. However, there are a few insights here, notably the self-evaluation of "passability" among respondents and sexual experimentation. I also noted that, while among partners who knew of their husband's crossdressing, only slightly more than half were non-supportive; given that the single biggest problem a CD faces has historically been spousal acceptance, it would seem from the results presented in Men in Dresses that the balance has shifted gradually in the crossdresser's favor in the thirty-odd years since Virginia Prince published the first work on the subject (The Transvestite and his Wife).

Dr. Coleman suggests that a prescription of crossdressing would lower the incidence of heart disease and high blood pressure; while I probably wouldn't attempt to go that far myself, this book is a valuable insight to our community for those outsiders who wish to open their minds to understanding this phenomenon.

AND SEXUAL IDENTITY

Crossing the Line

STEVEN ZEELAND

Men in Dresses is available directly for \$15.95 (plus \$2.95 postage and handling) from Publishing House, Trinity Place, Barnstaple Devon EX32 9HJ, U.K.

Most everyone in the transgender community has heard of the Navy tradition of the "crossing the line" ceremony, including the "wog queen competition" in which novice

competition" in which novice sailors crossdress to varying degrees. What has always gone unsaid -- at least officially -- is the homosexual undercurrents to these traditions, and especially the

Although I'm sure Sen. Jesse Helms will be distressed if it ever comes to his attention, Steven Zeeland has blown the Navy's cover in Sailors and Sexual Identity: Crossing the Line Between "Straight" and "Gay" in the U.S. Navy

degree to which they extend to the Navy in general.

(Harrington Park Press, 1995, ISBN 1-56023-850-X). The book consists largely of the author's interviews with sailors he has known, and it probably comes as no surprise to anyone (except of course, the Senator from North Carolina) that there is a lot of homoerotica, simulated oral and anal sex, and sadomasochism connected with those rituals and other seafaring adventures.

"Don't ask, don't tell" was never better debunked than in these 300 pages; Zeeland begins with the premise that the aforementioned policy is a weak attempt to maintain an image of "heterosexual purity" within our armed forces and proceeds to tear it to shreds. The baker's dozen of interview subjects did not all identify as gay before enlisting, and some still do not consider themselves so even after some homosexual encounters.

In the process of uncovering the myth of "masculinity" that seems to be necessary to survive in what could be easily described as a homophobic military structure, Zeeland reveals a multitude of "sins" of which crossdressing is apparently the least to be concerned about (if you're a member of the religious right, that is).

I'm sure none of this will shock those who have been in the Navy, although it may startle even those of us who have been the most suspicious of the "straightness" of the Navy, given what we've already known. While some of the descriptions are sexually explicit, the book is far from sickening.

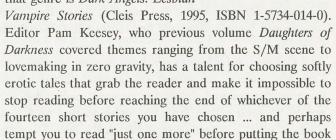
Except, of course, to Jesse.



I've been getting more involved with the lesbian community in the past couple of years, and that has naturally exposed me to some interesting literary work from that community.

One area of fascination in that community is vampires, and a recent compilation of stories from that genre is *Dark Angels: Lesbian*

down.



This is erotica as an art form, and Keesey also provides an interesting introduction explaining her fascination with vampires. (Warning: It may cause you to be "bitten" with the subject as well!)

There are also some overtones that will appeal to the

crossdressing community, such as one story that deals with the erotic aspects of makeup, a 19th Century tale in which corsetry plays a minor role, and scenes set in nightclubs where women wear leather and men wear heels. But these overtones only serve to enhance the tales, and they would be every bit as compelling without those enhancements. I didn't think I was into vampires, but I guess I am ...



I received a copy of a very odd video a couple of months ago, and to be honest, after watching it I'm not completely sure what to make of it.

Sugar and Spice is a two-hour hodgepodge of camcorder footage shot a few years ago in San Francisco, augmented by more recent Southern California material. And in some ways, it is a revelation about the transsexual community and female impersonation ... only in an attempt to interweave the two, it juxtaposes scenes in a way that disorients the viewer, then just as abruptly returns to a scene where it left off several minutes previous. For example, producer Larry Wessel has included a great deal of an electrolysis session for well-known FI Karen Dior -from novocaine injection in the dentist's chair to what appears to have been a multi-hour hair removal session -but spreads that footage throughout the tape in a way that forces the viewer to try to remember what he's already seen. There is similar juxtaposition of other segments, which left me feeling exhausted by the time this two-hour VHS cassette had finished.

Even finding an old friend, Ayme Michaels, in the Bay Area footage, didn't salvage the experience for me. This is an oddly fascinating tape, but it's disjointed to an extreme.

Maybe I should have been stoned while watching it. Yeah, that's it, this tape was really made in 1969 and I was on a bad LSD trip. Or maybe the producer was.

If you'd like to take a chance on *Sugar and Spice*, it's \$25.00 postage paid from WesselMania, P.O. Box 1611, Manhattan Beach CA 90267-1611.



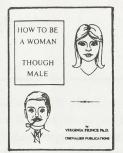
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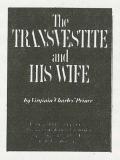
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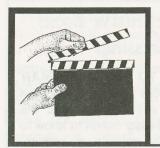


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MOVIE REVIEW

Kids in the Hall Brain Candy

by Diane Chaplin

Following closely on the high heels of the drag comedy hit of early 1996 The Birdcage, along comes Kids in the Hall Brain Candy to make people feel good, in more ways than

This first feature film from the acclaimed Canadian comedy troupe is a savvy, often savage satire of corporate deception, mind bending, and a few people playing more

roles than I have seen in quite some time.

The first ten minutes of the movie shows such an assemblage of crossdressers, transvestites, drag queens and other assorted deceptions and personalities, I found I lost track of trying to figure out gender and simply decided to sit back and enjoy the film.

The Kids -- David Foley, Bruce McCulloch, Kevin McDonald, Mark McKinney and Scott Thompson -- each play a variety of male and female roles (30 in all), and half the fun of the film is seeing the same faces pop up in new, outrageous guises. The other fun comes from the Kids' beyond-outrageous which at times has the disoriented quality of a good tickle during a nuclear meltdown.

-- is that despite (or due to) all (Marv).

of life's problems, everyone wants to be happy. Enter insufferable CEO Don Roritor (McKinney), who needs a hot new drug for his pharmaceutical conglomerate. Dorky scientist Chris Cooper (McDonald, who also plays Doreen), one of the company's research specialists, has developed a drug that permanently puts people in the ardor of their fondest memory. Without beta testing being completed, Roritor decides enough is enough and elects to market the holy heck out of the thing.

While it ruthlessly lampoons the oppressive, Prozac assumption of constant gratification, the film also does a wicked parody of Hollywood and its selfish, manipulative ways. (Roritor execs read "Drug Variety" to see how their pill is doing against penicillin on the sales charts). But it isn't just big business that gets blasted. Congenitally politically erroneous, the Kids trash gay pride, motherhood,

terminal disease victims, ghetto childhoods and dozens of other touchy topics with equal, twisted enthusiasm.

Although this tends to get a little repetitive after a while, the movie still maintains a high percentage of smart, laugh-out-loud gags. The Queen of England (Thompson) even puts in an appearance!

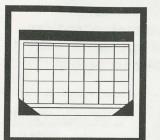
One of this reviewer's favorite sequences is when scientist Chris Cooper appears on a television talk show to extoll the virtues of the "brain candy" and is interviewed by Nina Bedord (McKinney, who plays two other drag roles in the film), a transvestite Leeza Gibbons-type with a black wig. Her interest is more in Cooper's ability to stand and shimmy his hips than it is in the effects of the new pill, Inevitably, some will find the

film offensive. It pulls few punches and lets the pills fall where they may. The comedic treatment of gays in the military and cancer victims in wheelchairs is not for all tastes. With its canny attacks on both sacred and obvious targets, its courageously dark context and its oddly innocent approach to it all, the film is that rare movie laugh-fest that should, in part, offend, but doesn't.

Those small bugs aside, however, the film is great but sour (continued, next page)



The Kids in the Hall: Bruce McCullouch (Alice), Kevin The basic "premise" -- I am McDonald (Chris Cooper), Mark McKinney (Simon), reluctant to use the term "plot" Scott Thompson (Mrs. Hardicure), and Dave Foley which is now over-the-counter.



EVENTS CALENDAR

June 5-9, 1996: 14th Annual "Be All You Want To Be", Detroit MI. This year's host organization is Crossroads, with co-sponsors Chi Chapter Tri-Ess, TransPitt, Paradise Club, and CrossPort. Details from Crossroads Be-All, P.O. Box 430126, Pontiac MI 48343 or by calling

June 13-16, 1996: Tiffany Club of New England 16th Annual "Spring Fling", Provincetown MA. Information from TCNE, P.O. Box 2283, Woburn MA 01888-0483, or telephone (617) 891-9325.

July 3-7, 1996: "Transgen '96: Transgender Independence Weekend", Houston TX, sponsored by the International Conference on Transgender Law and Employment Policy. Details from ICTLEP, P.O. Drawer 35477, Houston 77235-5477, by calling (713) 777-8452, by Internet to <ictlep@aol.com > or by fax at (713) 777-0909.

July 24-28, 1996: 4th Annual "Spouses'/Partners' International Conference for Education", Wilmington DE (Philadelphia PA). Details from Dr. Peggy Rudd, P.O. Box 5304, Katy TX 77491, fax (713) 347-8747; from Betsy at (909) 875-2687; or from Evelyn at (215)

August 9-11, 1996: Second "FTM Conference of the Americas", Seattle WA. Information from FTM Conference, 1202 E. Pike #1070, Seattle 98122, or by e-mail from < ftmconfer@aol.com >.

September 1-8, 1996: "Dignity Cruise VII" to Bermuda from New York. sponsored by Dr. Peggy Rudd. Details from Brenda at Cruises Inc., 1-800-247-7021.

September 19-22, 1996: "Paradise in the Poconos", Canadensis PA, produced by Creative Design Services, P.O. Box 19206, King of Prussia PA 19406. Information via Internet: com@cdspub.com> or by phone: (610) 640-9449.

September 26-29, 1996: 6th Annual "Southern Comfort Conference", Atlanta GA. Information from P.O. Box 77591, Atlanta 30357-1591, by telephoning (404) 633-6470, or to <phillida@atl.mindspring.com > by Internet e-mail.

October 18-21, 1996: "A Kindred Spirits Vision Quest", Dixon Mountain NC. Details from Kindred Spirits, P.O. Box 18332, Asheville NC 28814. or by calling (704) 253-9882.

October 31-November 1, 1996: "Fall Harvest '96", Cedar Rapids IA, sponsored by Mid America Gender Group Information Exchange (MAGGIE) and hosted by Iowa Artistry. Information from P.O. Box 75, Cedar Rapids IA 52406-0075, telephone (309) 755-2310.

November 6-10, 1996: Tri-Ess "Holiday En Femme", Chicago IL. Details from Chi Chapter at P.O. Box 40, Wood Dale IL 60191-0040 or by telephoning (708) 262-8707.

November 8-10, 1996: "Queer Spirit Conference", for LGBT and Native healers and teachers, Highlands NC. Information from Kindred Spirits, P.O. Box 18332, Asheville NC 28814, or by calling (704) 253-9882.

(Please send information on national transgender community events to Cross-Talk, P.O. Box 944, Woodland Hills CA 91365. Listings must be accompanied by a written authorization by an officer of the sponsoring organization or be listed in their group newsletter. Information will not be accepted via e-mail.)

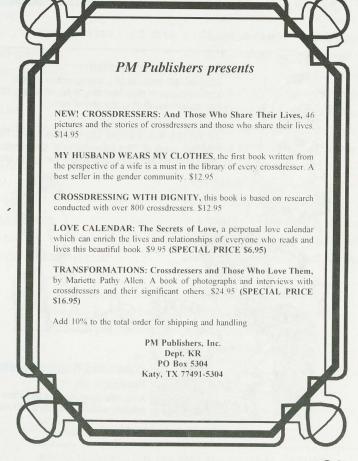
A list of transgender community organizations with contact phone numbers is available upon request by sending a self-addressed #10 envelope with 32 cents postage to Cross-Talk Hotlines, P.O. Box 944, Woodland Hills CA 91365-0944. Outside the U.S., simply send your name and address and one International Reply Coupon to cover postage.

KIDS IN THE HALL ... continued from previous page

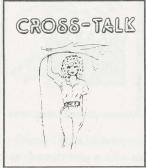
fun. It plays not so much like a film with a plot thread, as it does a continuing series of sight gags, much like one might expect from an improvisation troupe who suddenly decided to make a feature film. My perception was that there may have been a very thin script, or even an outline, from which the whole thing was conceived and produced, a glowing tribute to an outstanding cast of many characters, played by so few.

To give you an idea of how popular the Kids are in their native Canada, Brain Candy, playing at only 37 theatres its first weekend in the Great White North, was the fifth-highest grossing picture there.

Rated R (language, sex, drug use, nudity). Starring David Foley, Bruce McCulloch, Kevin McDonald, Mark McKinney, Scott Thompson. Directed by Kelly Makin. Written by Norm Hiscock, Bruce McCulloch, Kevin McDonald, Mark McKinney and Scott Thompson. Produced by Lorne Michaels. Released by Paramount Pictures. Photo credit: George Kraychuk.



▶▶▶ Back Issues & Reprints ◀◀◀



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#76 (February 1996): Why Cross-Talk ceased mainstream retail distribution; FTM transgendered in medieval Europe; The difference between true transsexuals and "pseudo-transsexuals"; Is the term "gender" really necessary?





#77 (March 1996): Does our community expect "something for nothing" from businesses?; Crossdressing and its erotic connection; Helping transgendered teenagers; Does crossdressing have to be a factor in divorce?

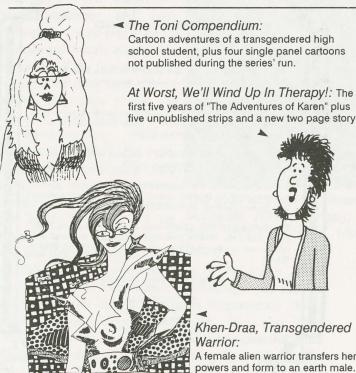
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